There He Was Free to Be at His Best, Says One Who Knew Him and Mrs. London in Their Island Days

from the lanal (Hawalian for veranda)

Francisco, I had visited the Lonnever had I known the real Jack until I saw him in Hawaii.

ore I had scented in him somehing of the Wolf Larsen of "The Sea of the breeder in his "Little of the Big House," cold, scientific, alist; but in Hawaii-s land to think that I know it to be true at this was the real London, that this had shown him his real self.

R was our first morning in Honoin, early in the new year of 1915. We come out from the Moana Hotel at iki for an early morning plunge. ow that the Londons had one of the edjacent Seaside Hotel cottages, my delight was great to find Mrs. m already on the beach. Greetwere scarcely over when Mr. Lonwalked out of the water with his floord under his arm.

"Aloha!" was his first word, intoned with the true Hawalian quaver. And

somer or later reaches all lovers of the rare and beautiful and draws them to forever. Time and circum-

while rainbows played their clusive same, now back up through the Moana Valley, now through sifting spray, liquid sunshine, as the Hawaiian has it, of the dreamlike coral sea, a group cruel, relentiess, tyrannical; of congenial spirits sat around a table on the lanal and talked of strange

The Jack London of popular concepand lovely—he was different. I tion had no relation to the man him-self. In a measure he was responsible when he said: tried to cover up the facts of his jowly birth, his early struggles for existence. It was plain Mr. London's contact to say nothing of his struggle for recognition as a writer. Instead his life was one long attempt to convince the the small conventions that brand a world through his pen that the conditions which produced his pitiful begin-

nings were all wrong. His method was chiefly to show up every man as a primitive, with primitive passions—brutes. Now a brute, an animal in other words, he would argue, never strikes except in self-defence; the corporation, organized capi-tal, itself beyond the reach of a blow, reverence for that elusive yet unmistrikes deep and crushes the soul of this primitive, which left to itself ing." would not harm a flea.

alse in the whole world.

At was destined that I see much of were always subjected to his wife's On a ranch on Maui, the high island,

By MAE LACY BAGGS.

the Londons, both in Honolulu and on the stories he set out to the other islands. Their cottage at tell, yet always between them was Walkiki Beach was not a stone throw perfect trust and understanding. "Let me see, Jack," she would inter-

don ranch house at Santa Rosa, of our beach hotel. Hour after hour, pose, a merry twinkle dancing in her Without any show of resentment that would act as cue. As often as not, ooking the assembly over, Mrs. Lon-

don would say:
"No, mate. Tell this one-" starting him off with a keynote.

One night he was particularly eager to go beyond his wife's ruling and,

"I do wish I knew all of you better-

him indifferent to social amenities, to thing risque, taboo.

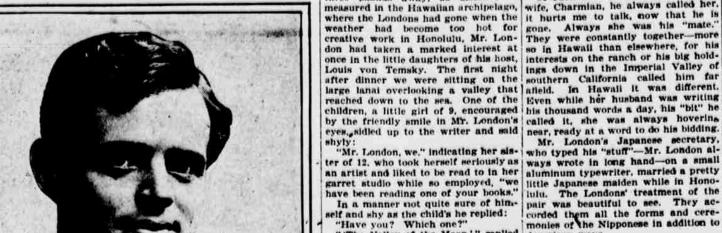
You must know that Mr. London had no parlor upbringing and few parlor manners did he acquire. He never got over feeling self-conscious in the pres-ence of some one born into a walk of life commonly considered above his. Never by a word did he recognize class,

then, "You had to come too?"

But Mr. London did not always talk on such deep, headaching topics. His referred, of course, to the well known and strong impelling force that were as light and as frothy as the li spray that dashed over the coral reef lared shirts, his loose belted, unpressed and broke on the shore at our feet.

He was at his best when telling don was not a lady's man, if we accept rail, maybe for a month's stay.

South Sea tales, sometimes of the model men writers place to our petty, mimic kingdoms set up by concredit. But Mr. London was a man's stance, not place, decides the length of quering Polynesians on an atoll, some-stay. If it were just place Hawaii times of a hog of a trader, as he than that he was a child's man. Would have to spread its shores and dubbed the usual white man found at Illustrative of the latter trait is the



large lanai overlooking a valley that afield. In Hawaii it was different, reached down to the sea. One of the children, a little girl of 9, encouraged by the friendly smile in Mr. London's called it, she was always hovering eyes, sidled up to the writer and said near, ready at a word to do his bidding.

an artist and liked to be read to in her aluminum typewriter, married a pretty garret studio while so employed, "we little Japanese maiden while in Hono-have been reading one of your books." lulu. The Londons' treatment of the self and shy as the child's he replied:

the little girl.

holding a conversation with the book's the writer because of the writeup he author, the big man himself, she looked gave the leper colony on Molokai.

For a moment the air was tense; then Mrs. London, who is graciousness most hospitable shores who has reitself, broke the spell with a ringing

creative work in Honolulu, Mr. London had taken a marked interest at once in the little daughters of his host, Louis von Temsky. The first night after dipner we were atting on the after dinner we were sitting on the southern California called him far

Mr. London's Japanese secretary,

In a manner not quite sure of him- pair was beautiful to see. They accorded them all the forms and cere-monies of the Nipponese in addition to "Have you? Which one?"
"The Valley of the Moon,'" replied Mr. London first visited the Hawai-

"How far have you read?" Mr. Lon- ian Islands when on his projected don was as hesitant as the little bread world tour with the Snark. Unfor-and butter girl herself. until herself. Unfor-nately, for a while at least, the people nately, for a while at least, the people With a choke in her throat from of Hawali felt rather unkind toward helplessly at her sister.

"Oh, sister, where were we reading his criticism had been most friendly Later, however, they recognized that and provocative of good results, and no man has ever set foot on those ccived, in the years since, such a Jack London

Last year, when the committee apbeing entertained, it was to Jack London that the Hawalian Promotion Club of the islands. He had a free hand Back on the ranch were the tremand was told to stop at no length in

But like, another master mind he valley was being tried out plant crater. Well, it was a hot day. And whispered. had been thirsty. Julian Monsarrat, was a new language, and the whole manager of the Kapapala ranch, felt the islands spoke of a life he himself suddenly pulled by the coat

"I say, Julian, the Scotch is all gone. Er-is there-any down at your "Sure!" And Mr. Monsarrat called

the spewing sulphur beds. "Just look spirit of love found in the native. I to his Jap driver, who was gazing at up Wang, he has the keys to the cellarette!" he sang out after the disap-A few weeks later we were guests at sinking into his soul.

the ranch. Mr. Monsarrat told us the out.

It seems Wang, the Chinese butler, was reached, and, of course, Mr. London could not lose any time looking for kahilis on a staff back and forth to keys. The handsome kon wood door was splintered. I think he must have

three islands away, as distance is of Jack London's relation with his soon take into account his untamed nature, measured in the Hawaiian archipelago, wife, Charmian, he always called her. He probably didn't stop to reflect on where the Londons had gone when the it hurts me to talk, now that he is He probably didn't stop to reflect on weather had become too hot for gone. Always she was his "mate." his act, but it was at once his interpre-

ping tales of the "young daredevil London" who could drink any man down at the bar and knock any two of them down at once who had the "line up." Yet it is difficult to think of such colossal strength as ascribed to

him. For Mr. London was barely of avera bit more than medium broad, but his chest was far from a full one. And then there was a looseness about his frame that kept down the suggestion of strength or physical prowess.

He was probably underfed as a lanand his early dissipation, which he tele of without hesitation in his "John Barleycorn," which is largely autobio graphical-he bought beer instead of peanuts-accounts for his failure to all out later. Then, too, no man or boy who ships before the mast on a windjammer or its equivalent in the guise enough sleep, much less enough hard rascals, an old salt would tell you, and

unfit for work. Now, Mr. London may have livedwarm, wet welcome as that accorded but his face and his figure told in their lines of deprivation and etruggle that the after years of plenty could no pointed by Congress to investigate the crase what the effort of making carl sugar conditions in the islands was phase of life give its secret had eve

No doubt the reason Hawall an looked for first aid in showing the pealed to him so intensely was because visitors the real charms and wonders here life was virtually without off r dous breeding problems his aut. the way of entertainment. And he logical mind had set as his task: down on his vast holdings in the Imperia could save others from being denied ing and cross breeding, but been their wants, himself he could not save. Hawaii, which he was beginning to It was up at the Volcano House, the call his real home, he warmed to the hotel that sits at the edge of Kilauea's suggestion of ease that each pep-

Congressmen, surely to a man, To him the full of the swishing and falled to grasp, the joye really to found in a dolce far niente existence "All that beauty, all that wealth egave" was here within reach. As-

there was more still. wallan love. Not only is this beautiful each man, woman and child, he malibini or kamaaina, even though be has it not upon arrivel, finds it

And Jack London early breathed a

And they'll miss him in Hawaii And they'll pay his memory respect with a memorial service in the native church the recurrent beat of the ancient song of the native wailers. And then there will follow stories of London, stories of his kindness and attention to scores of their number, for his face and am bling gait had become as familiar to them as one of their kind.

Fishers by the sea, with spear poised stopped their spear in midair to sma out "alohas" to his call from a peralboring crag; ofttimes in the same entities was he welcomed by the waders on the beach at night who flashed a torch to attract the finny tribe. Like them : he wore sandals with wooden beels and toe pieces to spare the bare feet frthe coral pebbies in the shallow water From the native too he had learned manage a surfboat as skilfully as a Kanaka, a thing possible to only strangely privileged few who have

grown up in the "strange South S It was difficult to tell just when M London did the quantity of watther that come from his pen, He was no much in evidence in Horo-elsewhere in the islands that hardly possible to associate b the prolific writer he was known A novel of his, "Jerry," a disannounced to begin as a settiof the magazines next month, w ished in Honolulu early in 191 another dog novel "Michael" (each of about \$0,000 ; was about completed when he at - 1 London sailed for San Francis

July of that year. They returned to the is January following, and in powered Jap sampan made a the outlying islands and no far way. Only recently in early from their new love, Hawam, in-London might be present at the hemian Club's annual outing . . .

"Oh, shucks!" said Mr. Blaisdell, and and presently they were deep in child some piece of property seems incongru- none whose laugh was listened ous to us, but to him it was simply a was London's. From the hard-Low Jinks, when the cerem-"cremating care" takes place. week later, when the Grove ushers in the High Jinks, the who had the spirit of boy ethim played pranks and practical on the unsuspecting. The same of report said the Londons would return to Honolulu after the hi

the new year, How little one knows of what holds in store is shown in some .... Mr. London gave to young write-few years ago. He spoke of his art

He had built up his case chared as to his willingness to accept the mum rate, which by some reasoning his unseasoned expehad told was \$40. And the cho-for \$5! To quote, "That I did : then and there convinces me that possessed of a singular ruggedn soul which will permit me to q for the eldest inhabitant."

And had it been possible to pure her lease on mortal life by 'riveof soul," succeeding generations we have known-and also love! Mr. don in his Hawaiian home. But if were

Yet to Hawaii there has fallen a le

drawn by few places, to be chosen all the world for Mr. London travelled far-as the preferred has man of such unusual character ability. What, Stevenson was to mon London was to Hawaii and to Hawaii is come more and more to public eye; it is more in the learning path. It will have those who is after who would sing its part praise. But the "aloha" of wallen is a faithful one. Just us N London's last few stories were be "My Hawnian Aloha," no will London be the Hawanan's alone.

and best.

## HE TRIED TO PUT MORE POKE IN THE GAME OF POKER

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

NEVER knowed nobody what had mo' of a gen'l idee o' what mpo'tance they is to the game fraw poker 'n what Bud Hooker said old man Greenlaw one day. even Bud Hooker fell down when it come to practic'l application o' prinas, like they is a heap what does as like they 's ch'sid'able sense in the Good Book says bout many a had been nothing said or done

the old man's saloon in Arkansas which would naturally lead up to g whatever said or done there ong time beyond the steady conption of tobacco by the old man the four other men who sat with

ve industries of Arkansas City was sold, it is true, but no such nt as was required for the entersent of visitors, and there was no

two, eaten one piece and lighted the so he done quit tryin' of 'em evenchal other. "He didn't had no gre't of a an' played along reg'lar fo' c'nsid'able edication into the game, bein' 's they while. wa'n't no reel experts in Greenville

"Is this yer one o' them Greenville yarns o' yo'n?" asked Sam Pearsall, interrupting the old man rudely. Mr. Pearsall had married a lady from Greenville some years before and had a violent prejudice against the place "Sho' is," replied the old man firmly To' all can't 'xpect fo' to have me

o' likes an' dislikes. "Bud Hooker was bo'n in Greenville an' lived an' died in Greenville. 'S fur 's I know he wa'n't never no place else tin' fo' two or three trips he done ok to New Orleans on 'mpo'tant havin' welched on some o' the pay-ments what was due on his craps. I sin't a gwine to lie about it, even if

"Mebbe so," growled Pearsall, inter-upting him again. "I don't see why of all draws the line at lyin' about Greenville, but anyways I ain't fo'ced to listen." And he left the saloon. Beats all how gittin' married plays old man efter he had gone, "but tha Hooker's remarkable 'xperience tryin to put mo' poke into the game o

Because sitting will married in nachul." betten than going away his other learners sat still, but they showed no keen interest in listening, though Jake Winterbottom did say as if with some wonder, "Pears like he must 'a' been cklin' c'nsid'able of an undertakin' They is a heap o' poke into the game nyways 'thouten makin' a effo't to mprove onto it. 'Pears like he was

Sho' was," said the old man. "I skop if he'd 'a' had mo' d'scretion mought 'a' made hisself famous life with fo' bullets in his haid, eant well but went astray f'm bein oo hasty fo' to aim straight."

"Must 'a' been right smart of a cokus," observed Joe Bassett as it eginning to feel some interest in the

sver seen mo' enthusia'm showed into abootin' scrape 'n they was into that m. I reckon mebbe they'd 'a' been no did 'n they was on'y fo' it bein' lunday night. They was quite sev'ral is the crowd what was chu'ch mem-

bers an' had stopped in on the way 'Back up' What kyind of a hand does home I'm the Methodist meetin' to see 'yo' all reckon yo' has?' 'An' Bud Hooker he says. 'That's a

festivity.
"Some on 'em was bitter about it

deeds, but they wa'n't no question but what Bud Hooker done went a step too far. As I done said afo', he 'peared "fo' nobody to do no 'xplainin'. 'Pears "That give time fo' Bud Hooker to terbottom nervously.

The only thing to do, therefore, in the only place in Arkansas City where anything ever happened was to wait the tavern whar I was tendin' bar afo' in the tavern whar I was the cyard he with what it was the cyard he with what knowed in an intended in the tavern whar I was tendin' bar afo' in the tavern whar I was tendin' bar afo' in the tavern whar I was tendin' what it was the cyard he with what knowed in the tavern whar I was tendin' what it was the cyard he with what knowed in the tav

nachul bo'n poker player," he con-tinued after he had bitten a cigar in pot on 'em when he showed 'em down.

one night a'ter he'd came home fr'm one o' them New Orleans trips what I

an' give up goin' to chu'ch f'm that in some furrin parts. I hain't never time on. They took the ground what been outen the State my own self, but

ne paid the pendlety fo' his mis- gwine to 'xplain."

was al'ays tryin' experiments. as was required for the entert of visitors, and there was no
ent to play poker when no
s money was in sight.

The done come nigh bein' shot onc't
or twic't afo' that, 'long o' tryin' to
interjuce big dogs an' little dogs an'
lallapaloosers in the reg'lar game what

In go a'ter a play like that. Tears
any way he damn wen plays, but the old man with great dignity. 'He
he done played 's well 's yo' all claims'
him go a'ter a play like that. Tears
he's the dealer, but 's long 's Sam the old man with great dignity. 'He
the done opened a jackpot. An' that was
he done opened a jackpot. An' that was
he's the dealer. But 's long opened a jackpot. An' that was
he's the doaler. But 's long opened a jackpot. An' that was
he's the doaler. But 's long opened a jackpot. An' that was
he's the doaler. But 's long opened a jackpot. An' that was
he's the doaler. But 's long opened a jackpot. An' that was
he's the doaler. But 's long opened a jackpot. An' that was
he's t

"He come nigh raisin' a riot, though,

various suits an' reached fo' the pot, pullin' his own gun.
but the Deacon pulled a gun an' says, "Mo' 'n likely Sam Pettingill'd a fired

fash'nable to pack a gun in chu'ch kangaroo. Jumps on even like. Bests them days, an' they wa'n't heeled fo' a threes if it's diff'rent suits, an' bests "But the Deacon says, 'Mebbe it does

it was all right enough fo' to go to they ain't nobody gwine to interjuce chu'ch when they wa'n't nothin' else to no kangaroos in the game in Missisbe did. but it didn't ought fo' to be sippi, not 'thouten it's did over my lowed to interfere with nothin' 'm-daid body, th' ain't.' An' bein' 's he'd po'tant like manifestin' disapprov'l o' drawed first, he c'lected the pot. ervertin' the principles o' poker like "'Most everybody has a weak spot

Bud Hooker was doin' when he met up some'res, an' Bud Hooker's weakness was in underratin' th' impo'tance of a "What was it he done?" said Jim gun into a 'mergency. 'Peared like he Blaisdell impatiently. "Must 'a' been didn't never git hisn goin' till 'twas too somepin' c'nsid'able outen the way." late. Otherwise he was a good player.
"Sho' was," said the old man. "It even if he was some erratic, but that kyind o' goes ag'in the grain to speak | was a big handicap to him an' was the disparagous c'ncernin' a man what's 'casion of his final downfall, like I'm

to be a nachul bo'n player, but unedicated, an' bein' mo' 'r less reckless he 'n he'd ought fo' to, if the Deacon left claims what he has a right fo' to deal o' this yer story." to be a nachul bo'n player, but unedi- like a man like him lived a heap longer

he must 'a' been drunk when he was comin' to him rightful. Tow'ds "He done spoke about it to one w his dremp' it."

"Sho' was," agreed the old man, "but changed an' the end came suddint. that was all of a piece with what he

done spoke of. They was a tol'able stiff game goin' on when he done come in an' took a hand.

"Everything went smooth fo' a spell, an' then he 'peared to be, in the was al'ays ready be he had the deal reg'lar. That's been did afo', but he was al'ays tryin' some 'riginal into his own hald, like that har kangaroo 'peared to be, with they kangaroo 'peared to be, was there what'd been tried afo' like one time what Sam Pettingill seen him was others what'd been tried afo' like one time what Sam Pettingill seen him was others what'd been tried afo' like one time what Sam Pettingill seen him was others what'd been tried afo' like one time what Sam Pettingill seen him was others what 'd been tried afo' like one time what Sam Pettingill seen him was others what 'd been tried afo' like one time what Sam Pettingill seen him was others what 'd been tried afo' like one time what Sam Pettingill seen him was others what 'd been tried afo' like one time what Sam Pettingill seen him was others what 'd been tried afo' like didn't better in the draw, so just machully they seen what he done when it come to the showdown.

"There was al'ays method who was al'ays some hody pullin' a gin on him. Peared like it was plumb m'rac' long the deal c cyard offen the bottom o' the deal c reg'lar. That's been did afo', but he was al'ays tryin' some thir deal was a gin him. He didn't had only two tens, an' he didn't better in the draw, so just machully they seen what he done when it come to the showdown.

"There was al'ays method who was al'ays offen he bottom o' the goin the showdown.

"There was al'ays method on the triginal into him was allowed a meat axe. But Mr. Monsarrat being the from their new love, liavain, if dedn't better in the draw, so just machully they seen what he done when it come to the swa, a late was allowed and meat axe. But Mr. Monsarrat only fonded the door to be so by 's twas, but the sum that it didn't better in the draw, so just machully they seen what

immegit that piticilar time only for held a opened that jackpot in the last they bein' a totable big pot on the same he played, havin' his gun ready table with three or fo' in, an' him afo' he done it, he mought a got away p'ferred fo' to play the hand out afo' done it 'thouten p'cautions.'

THE JACK LONDON OF THE SOUTH SEAS

him go a'ter a play like that. 'Pears any way he damn well p'fers, bein' 's

ple. "Sho' was," said the old man. "If he too went outside.

havin' a straight flush to draw to, he with it, but no. He was that eager he "Done what?" demanded Jake Win-

hanged an' the end came suddint. was to draw two cyards to a pair o' "They was credit due to him, though, tens, fo' 'xample, be mought git one or was a doin' of continyal. 'Pears like fo' his p'sistent effo'ls to git mo' peke he done spent his 'ntire life tryin' to put mo' poke into the game. Ike I nothin' 'riginal 'bout claimin' the priv'-lege o' dealin' anyway he seen fit when p'vidin' he'd have the luck to fill, but one said afo'.

"Some things what he done was he had the deal reg'lar. That's been this p'tic'lar time luck was ag'in him.

AT THE

## NEWS THE WEEK IN RHYME THE

TONE but the millionaire may live In this benighted war age, For modern manna does not fall-It mellows in cold storage.



Against the cost of living-But Turkey rose To meet his blows-And 'twas a rare Thanksgiving.

Who learned to love the lentil

Was so intrigued by hope that he

Became experimental.

A gentleman in Iowa

He took the mattress from his cot And ate it on a Sunday-The meal was done At half past 1— The funeral was on Monday. The Kaiser says—and who shall doubt What Wilhelm hath reported?—

That all the Belgian citizens Rejoice to be deported. ur juj flave

They love to go to Germany And toil for modest wages-Their joyous plight Should cast a light On Prussia's darkest pages.

My Lady Harriman hath found Her jewels, so 'tis rumored; The Mexican commission thought Carranza should be humored.



The President thought otherwise-'Tis really most exciting! P. Villa made Another raid-He is so fond of fighting.

The Emperor of Austria



## By Dana Burnet

We trust his reign will prove to be A gentle sort of shower. Lloyd George may take Sir Asquith's place; They say he's quite ambitious-Dame Fashion's gown Is going down-And peace is still fictitious.

Rumania is in a state Of nervous titillation; The Serbs have won their capital, And now they want a nation.



An heiress bought a ton of coal; Tis pleasant to be wealthy-Ourselves may lease A single piece-And stocks are growing stealthy.